

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



HELP IN TROUBLE.—"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT."

THE CHURCH CLOCK. A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER II.—THE GOOD CHILD—VIRTUE REWARDED—PENITENCE FOR ERROR.

In the suburbs of Hatherstone, resided, in a fine and ancient mansion, standing in the midst of its own park, rich in pleasure-grounds, conservatories, and every other appurtenance of wealth, the great lady of Hatherstone, its patroness and presiding genius, Lady Wintergen, the widow of Sir Henry Wintergen, only some few years deceased. Never was a prouder lady known than this widow of a wealthy baronet. Although profuse in her charities, and active in efforts of benevolence, Lady Wintergen was difficult of access, and lofty in her manner towards her dependents. Perhaps—for pride has a meanness peculiarly its own—she was thus haughty to those beneath her, because the gentry of the neighbourhood visited her seldom, and only ceremoniously. Great people did not know enough of Lady Wintergen's family connexions, to allow them to be very intimate at Wintergen Park. Thus the proud lady was in a manner alone, for she was childless, and had no relatives apparently to love her, or console her for her early widowhood. The townspeople of Hatherstone talked freely enough of the lady, who, however, did much good in their borough. Indeed, John Burgess, in gratitude to his early patron, Sir Henry Wintergen himself, had been doing battle in behalf of the baronet's widow, on the very Christmas Eve which introduced Kate Rodney to his home—not that he knew anything more of the Lady's history, than did the townsfolk of Hatherstone themselves, but he denied that Sir Henry could have married anyone who was not perfectly faultless and free from reproach. So he repeatedly drank her health in bumpers of old ale, declaring she was the most perfect of womankind.

It seemed, however, after all, that the very worst Lady Wintergen's enemies could say of her, was, that she had been a very poor girl when Sir Henry married her; and as that ceremony had been privately celebrated, none knew much about her, save one or two of the servants who had attended upon their master at the time of his marriage. One of these, an old groom, whom Lady Wintergen had dismissed for incivility, now asserted that the proud lady had been little better in her own father's house than a maid of all work. "If I'll become her," he said "to trample poor people under foot, who were as good as she had formerly been." Then he asserted that Lady Wintergen's father had been a bankrupt tradesman, in an obscure suburb near London, and that his two daughters, Lady Wintergen and her sister had both been near starvation when their father died. "And so Sir Henry married Rosa," said Sam Brown, "that's my lady—and her sister, whom she wanted to live with her at the Park as a hired companion, would not do so, but married a poor artist, whom my lady despised for his poverty, and hated for his plain speaking. I heard her myself one day in her tantrums, taking bitter oaths, never to see or speak to her sister again, because, Margaret, she said, had disgraced her family by marrying a man without a penny, or a name in the world. D'y'e call that sisterly love?" said Sam, "where there are but two sisters left out of a whole family, and because one has the chance of marrying a rich man, and the other has not, for that one to turn against her, and leave her to poverty and distress? Lady Wintergen may do good here in Hatherstone, but she should have looked at home first, I say."

And Samuel was certainly right—though

John Burgess, inflamed by a grateful spirit and old ale, swore that he did not believe a word of these things.

Little Kate had even managed to win the good will of old Mrs. Halkin, John's cross housekeeper. She was so eager—this child—to learn, that she soon took a great deal of trouble off the old woman's hands. She became very lively and cheerful, and full of love and gratitude to her benefactor, and would have been quite happy had she not been afflicted with sorrow at John's habit of nightly intoxication.

She readily told all she knew or could recollect about herself or her parents. "Father," she said, "used to paint pictures, and till he got so ill, he could not paint any more; they seldom wanted, at least, for bread. But then he went into the hospital, and mother took in needlework, and some woman who helped her, stole the work, and got money for it, and poor mother had nigh been sent to prison; then father died, and mother took me into the country, and she died too."

She knew no more, except her own name of Rodney, and that the pocket bible which her mother had taught her to read in, had belonged to her own mother when a little child; and that the names there, Rosa and Margaret Dyce, were the names of her mother, and her mother's sister; scanty information, indeed, and which seemed little available to the orphan. Yet, now she needed nothing, food, clothes, and shelter were hers, and her beloved book to guide and instruct her.

"Thee must go to school, lass," said honest John to her one day, when he had been showing her how to cast up a sum in addition, for John prided himself on his scholarship.

"I will ask Lady Wintergen, the very next time she comes here, to let thee into her famous 'Girls' Useful Instruction Class.' Why, it's the boast of Hatherstone, and will soon be as famous as—as my church clock," said John, wanting a simile.

And it is so chanced, that in her coach, with two postillions in front, and quite grandly dressed, Lady Wintergen stopped at John Burgess's door the very next day, and alighted to direct him about some of the numerous clocks at Wintergen Park, all of which were under John's care. Her Ladyship, in the course of this discussion, felt faint, and desired a glass of water. "Be pleased to flavour it with some home made wine, my lady," John said, but my lady would not; "a glass of cold spring water from John's famous well," she said, nothing more. Again he urged—"Water, my friend, I know is out of your way."—"I prefer it." A haughty rebuke, that stung John keenly; he might have answered, but just then Kate, who had heard the wish, appeared with a glass jug full of clear water, fresh drawn from the well.

"A neat handy child," quoth my lady, "who is she, Mr. Burgess?"

Mr. Burgess did not answer that question so readily, but began asking Lady Wintergen if there was a vacancy in her class.

"Why, yes," my lady thought there was. "For this child?"

"Yes," John answered. "She was a quick lass, and needed better teaching than he or old Mrs. Halkin could give."

"I cannot stay, now," said the lady, who had never ceased staring at Kate, since she saw her. "Let the little girl come to the park to-morrow, at twelve, and I will see her."

In the course of the day, Samuel Brown, Lady Wintergen's discarded groom, called on John Burgess to get his watch, a large old-fashioned silver time-piece, repaired.

John was in his shop, giving orders to his work-people, and Kate was seated in a corner, reading the book with the clasps.

Samuel had to wait till John Burgess could attend to him, and having nothing to do, began talking to Kate, and to question her.

"What, be'ee always reading on, little lass," quoth the groom. "He took the book from her unreluctant hand, and hummed and 'ha ed' over it."

"Well, I can't say as I ever was fond of reading, even this book," says Samuel, candidly; and so saying, he turned the leaves over and over, returning to the blank leaf before the little page.

He looked at the writing inscribed there, long and anxiously. He spelt it over and over again. Rosa and Margaret D—y—c—e Dyce. Well, that be curious, however! Dyce, Rosa, and Margaret! What is your name, little one?"

"Kate Rodney, sir," the child answered.

"H'm, Rosa, Kate, that be her name; I've seen it often enough—in her own writing, too—only she wrote it, Rosa Katherine, Katherine, Kate, all the same I take it, only Katherine sounds grander, like. I've heard tell of a Queen Katherine; but let's see—Dyce, why there's no mistake about that; yes, it was Dyce, sure enough. Haven't I seen the name with my own eyes over the shop door, though the shop was shut then. James Dyce, stationer, book-seller; ay, that was it. I say, John," and he took John aside, and after many words, John seemed doubtful himself, and when the shop was cleared of work-people, and only the three, John, Samuel, and Kate, were left, John gently called the child, and placing her before him, and stroking her soft hair, said,

"Did'st ever know, lass, if thee hadst any relations?"

She had once had an aunt. Father was always angry to hear her named, but mother used to make Kate pray for her, and she did so still; she said, "God bless Aunt Rosa, and soften her hard heart." Aunt Rosa was a great Lady somewhere, but Kate knew no more.

"And if that woman with the hard heart, baint her," said Samuel, striking his horny hand on the shop counter, till it rang again. "I never was born at all, Rosa Dyce! ask her, that's all, and see what she'll say."

"And I will ask her," said John, his face glowing. "And if it is, she may ruin me in Hatherstone, but I'll make her own her flesh and blood, or I'll know why—"

Kate was sent away, and John and Samuel had a still longer talk.

The consequence of that talk was, that on the morrow, John Burgess, instead of sending Kate by herself to the Park, took the little girl's hand in his own, and walked there with her himself.

Arrived at the hall, John asked for the Lady, and desired she might be informed he had brought his little girl to speak to her Ladyship.

A footman, in powder, took the message, and presently brought word they were to follow him, which doing, they were taken through long passages, till they came to Lady Wintergen's morning room, where her Ladyship was busy in sorting silks for embroidery. She looked up as they entered the room; Kate made a little courtesy, and modestly returned the gaze of the great lady, who regarded her attentively.

"You wish this child," she said to John, who twisted his hat about in a doubtful way, between his hands, and who wished the interview was over. "You wish this child to be admitted into my school? How old are you?" to Kate.

"Going on for eleven, my Lady, please," said Kate, who had been instructed by John how to speak.

"And your name is—" "Does your Ladyship recollect the name," said John, hastily. "It is Rodney. Kate Rodney, my Lady, believed to be the daughter of a poor artist, by the name of

Rodney, who married your ladyship's sister, Margaret Dyce."

It was out now—and John immediately repented of his boldness, for Lady Winterglen turned so deadly pale, that both Kate and he believed she was about to die.

She soon recovered herself—and to vent her anger and disdain on John, was her first impulse.

"Dase and ungrateful, thus you return your patron's kindness to you when you were a low creature; yes, a beggar."

John, who at first had pitied the haughty woman's confusion, grew resentful.

"Beggars! indeed my Lady, and so I was; and methinks there was not so much difference between you and me, when Sir Henry married you, as Miss Rosa Dyce. But I'm not here to bandy words, my Lady, only to say that your niece here is an orphan, neither father nor mother living, and the hand of God himself, I believe," said John, looking reverently upwards,

"guided her hither at Christmas time, on the eve when they say all the angels are abroad. She saved my life, did this little one, and I'll see right done her."

"Your proofs that she is the child of my sister, Margaret Dyce!" with a sneer.

"Not the child of Margaret Dyce, but of Margaret Rodney, who taught this infant to pray for her hard-hearted sister. Kate, say the prayer your mother taught ye?"

Kate was trembling with fear, but she obeyed, "Pray, God, bless aunt Rosa, and soften her hard heart."

"There, my lady," John said, triumphantly. "But for more proof, does your ladyship know this book? Ah, my lady! I hope the truths ye both learned together from it, have not been swept clean out of your heart, by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Here am I—drunken John, the clock maker of Hatherstone, preaching a sermon to a rich lady, and forgetting my own sins."

She stamped her foot. "I do acknowledge," she said, "the brat to be Edward Rodney's child; her features are enough for that matter; but mark me, I disdain her, as kith or kin of mine, and were she starving in the streets, I would not relieve her. I took an oath to give up her mother as she gave up me, and now see, she is dead, and her child is a beggar."

The child sobbed as she heard that beloved mother talked of so unfeelingly, and turning away, she caught John's hand and clung to him, as to the only friend left.

"And as for you, you shall suffer. No one shall employ you, you will soon be ruined."

John snapped his fingers. "That for employment," he said, "take it away, and drunken dog, though I am, I have enough to live on, but you shall hear how your sister died, and spite of her angry efforts, he told the whole story, heeding not that, as he finished, a servant entered.

"Take this man and child away. Never, on any pretence, suffer them again to enter the Park; any one in my employment speaking to John Burgess, will be discharged instantly," and she quitted the room, and John left the Park, not before he had vociferated—undismayed by threat of constable or prison—the whole story, as he passed through the house ere he left it for ever.

The meanest servant at Winterglen Park knew all its Lady's story of humble birth and unsisterly arrogance and cruelty, ere John Burgess sat down again before the church clock of Hatherstone.

But John's temper had been terribly ruffled, and he ended that evening, as too many of his evenings, alas! were spent, in the public house. Coming home, he met with an accident, which had well nigh proved fatal; he fell down the side of a steep declivity, which had been excavated for

sand-stone, and which, most improperly, had been left unfenced. John's groans attracted some passers-by, and he was taken to his own home, a doubt arising as to whether he could survive till the next day.

He did, though, but nevermore as blithesome active John, but as a cripple, who moved only with crutches, and painfully, with their aid. But he had a nurse, who sat by his bedside night and day, who watched him, and who prayed for him. Her prayers were answered. He called Kate Rodney one day to his bedside, and kissing the little book she loved so well, bade her be witness to his resolution, never more to intoxicate himself with strong liquors. As for work, when he got well, he found that, thanks to Lady Winterglen, his customers, indeed, deserted him, but he had saved, and he was still the man who had erected the clock of Hatherstone church. Neither she, nor any one, could take that glory away.

Mrs. Halkin died about this time; and now Kate, the outcast orphan, became his sole housekeeper, and was even as his own child unto the poor cripple.

More than a year had past since his accident, when one day a plain dark chariot stopped before the door of John Burgess, who was in his shop, for he was quite able, having the use of his hands, to do such work as was left him. Kate was sewing behind the counter, when a lady, dressed in black, entered the shop, and the chariot drove off.

The visitor had a thick veil over her face, but when she raised it, Kate Rodney and John Burgess uttered an exclamation of wonder, for they recognized Lady Winterglen.

Not the haughty woman who had spurned them a year before, from her house, who had disclaimed love, charity, and cure of kindred, and who listened only to the suggestions of pride; but a pale, penitent woman, who now would fain have humbled herself in the dust before her sister's orphan, and who, sobbing, implored the child's pardon for her grievous cruelty. She was led within by Kate, who knelt down and asked for her aunt's blessing.

"And your prayer, dear child, has been answered," said Lady Winterglen. "God has softened the hard heart of your aunt Rosa, who comes to humble herself before you and this good man, and to offer such reparation as lies in her power. I have sought to injure you, John Burgess. You shall live at the Park henceforth with Kate. I have learnt at last the Divine truth, "WHOEVER SHALL NOT RECEIVE THE KINGDOM OF GOD AS A LITTLE CHILD, SHALL NOT ENTER THEREIN."

HELP IN TROUBLE.

"GIVE YE THEM TO EAT."

IN the engraving which embellishes this number of our periodical, we observe one of Christ's ministers distributing, not only to the spiritual destitution, but to the temporal wants of the poor. Around Him are the poor and needy, the old the young, to whom his messages of mercy are not the less acceptable that they are accompanied by the "Bread which perisheth," but without which those who need it must starve. We are reminded of a story connected with the experience of Whitfield, the celebrated preacher. While staying at Plymouth, he lodged with Mr. Kinsman, one of the ministers of the town. After breakfast, on Monday, he said to his friend, "Come, let us visit some of your poor people. It is not enough that we labour in the pulpit, we must endeavour to be useful on it."

On entering the dwelling of the afflicted poor, he administered to their necessities with a liberality which surprised Mr. K., who was aware of his scanty resources, and took the liberty of remonstrating. "It is not enough, young man," replied Whitfield, "to pray and put on a serious face; true religion and undivided, is to visit the widow and

fatherless in their affliction, and to supply their wants. My stock, it is true, is nearly exhausted, but God, whom I serve, and whose saints we have assisted, will, I doubt not, send me a fresh supply." That very night a stranger called and left him five guineas!

Never is religion so appropriately expressed as when it is seen ministering to the temporal wants of the poor; our Saviour was not unmindful in this respect of those who followed Him. In a desert place He said to His disciples, compassionating the weakness and weariness of those who had followed Him three days, "Give ye them to eat," and to supply their wants He worked a miracle.

There are just two thoughts in connection with this subject which all our readers should bear in mind. First, God's children are the objects of His peculiar care; there is no want—no want that He will not relieve—to them that fear Him. If you can call God your Father, fear not—believe only—even in the darkest hour.

Second, while God is careful for us, He designs that we should be careful of ourselves. The wasteful, the careless, the thoughtless, who have no regard for the future, who are indifferent to every providential arrangement, have no right to challenge God's goodness. God gives us means, we have no business to expect that He should work miracles. This subject is one which falls peculiarly within the province of woman. A prudent, economical, thrifty woman, is a crown of rejoicing to her husband. She can help him to save; with savings bank a wall between themselves and poverty; they—having the blessing of the Lord upon them—need not be afraid of evil days; they have something laid by for worn out self. Happy, indeed, is the condition of those who are in this state, who, in hard times, may become the ministrants, rather than the recipients, of charitable bounty, and who may thus experience the truth of the saying—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SUNDAY THINKINGS,

TO BRIGHTEN WORK-DAY TOILS.

Sunday, 3rd January, 1864.

"JERIVAH-JIREH."—Gen. xxi. 24.

WHAT does it mean? "Jehovah," the Lord, the Almighty One, "Jireh," will provide. "The Lord will provide."

What a comforting thought to begin a new year with. I shall want a great many things this year. I hardly know how I shall get daily food, let alone clothing, and a house over my head, and a bed to rest in by night.

And will the Lord provide? Then I will trust Him. Every day I will speak to Him and tell Him all I want. He has promised, "They that seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good." But how shall I seek God? How can I come near Him? He is so very holy and I am a great sinner. I must "Behold the Lamb of God," whom He has provided to "Take away the sin of the world." Yes, I must take first this great gift which God has provided for my great need, being a sinner, and He will add all other things I need. So I may sincerely cherish this new year's Sunday, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want."

Sunday, 10th January, 1864.

"THE LORD, EVEN JESUS."—Acts ix. 17.

Who is Jesus? He is the Lord, the Son of the Almighty Father, yet one with the Father, for He said, "I and my Father are one." I cannot understand this now, but perhaps I shall better when I reach my bright home in the sky, and am for ever with the Lord. But I love, day by day, to think of Jesus, as "God, my Saviour," so "Mighty to save" me, for "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." Yes, I am a great sinner, but Jesus is able to save even me. There is a thought I will try and keep in mind. I'll think often how He hung upon the tree when He bore my sins in His own body there. And I'll bless Him for it. "My wondrous blessed Saviour!" And when I look up at the sky, and it looks very cloudy and dark, and the world looks dark and cold around, and my heart feels dreary and desolate within, and times go hard with me on earth, and the way to heaven above seems shut, I'll think how Jesus is up there in the light above it all, and though I can't see

Him, all is so very dark, yet He sees through the dark, sees me, and He will bring me safe through to the light where He is. Jesus, who died for me, will He ever forget me? Never. He has promised, "Thou shalt not be forgotten of Me."

Sunday, 17th January, 1864.

"THE MAN CHRIST JESUS."—1 Timothy ii. 5.

What is Jesus? God, my Saviour, also a man. Yes, I remember. He was the little babe born of the Virgin Mary more than 1800 years ago, and they laid Him in the manger because there was no room in the inn. And when He grew to be a man He had no name of His own, and no place at night where to rest His head, but spent many a long cold night out under the sky. Sometimes He was very weary and glad to sit down on the side of a well to rest. Often He was hungry and thirsty, and then at these times, more than any other, the devil used to come and tempt Him to sin, just as I often feel he does me. But he never could make Jesus sin, for He was the Holy One of God. He makes me sin so easily when he tempts me, because I am a sinful one. I must ask Jesus the Holy One to help me. And then at last He died. They crucified Him, and laid His dead body in the grave, and satan seemed to have triumphed over Him at last. But the third day God raised Him from the dead, and people saw Him alive again after His suffering, saw the marks of the nails in His hands and feet, and the spear in His side. And then forty days after there was a great sight. Jesus went up from the earth, up towards the sky, and a cloud received Him out of the sight of those who were watching this great sight. And the man Christ Jesus went up to the throne of God, and He is there now.

"I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." He does not forget, amid all the glories of His throne, that He, too, was once poor on earth for my sake. Oh, to think I've such a Friend in heaven.

Sunday, 24th January, 1864.

"THE COMFORTER, WHICH IS THE HOLY GHOST."

John xiv. 26.

"The Comforter!" Well, I am sure that is what I often want, for my heart is often full of trouble, but no one cares to comfort me. Who is this Comforter? Jesus said, "I will send Him unto you." It is the Holy Ghost. The Holy Spirit of God. Has Jesus sent Him? Oh yes! I remember. Ten days after the cloud carried Him up to the throne, He sent the Holy Ghost down from the Father, as He promised, and He came like a rushing mighty wind, and filled the disciples, and gave them such mighty power, and the Holy Ghost has never gone back to heaven. He has remained here on earth with those who love the Lord Jesus, to comfort them ever since. Where does He remain? Within them, making their bodies His holy temples. Oh, I should like Him to come and dwell in me, and be my Comforter, and make me holy. It is sin that makes me miserable.

I will ask Jesus to send Him to me. He will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. How will He comfort me? When I am weary with sinning, He will draw me to Jesus, who will wash me from my sins in His own blood. When I am full of wants, He will teach me to pray, and Jesus will supply my need. When Satan tempts me, He will strengthen me to resist, and Jesus will give me the victory. When my heart aches for sorrow, and is very sore, and my eyes run down with tears, He will bring to my remembrance the sweet promise of the Bible, everyone of which I know Jesus will make good. What a blessed Comforter the Holy Ghost is. If I have Him, I need never say again, "I have no Comforter."

Sunday, 31st January, 1864.

"THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER."

Psalms xlviii. 14.

"This God," that is, JEHOVAH, the Father, Jesus the Son of the Father, and the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost. "This God, is our God." Yes, my God, my Father, my Saviour, my Comforter.

My Father. Then I'll try and be an obedient child, a dear child. I'll not repine or murmur when things go hard with me, but think it is my Father rebuking me for my good, because He loves me.

My Saviour. Yes, Jesus who loved me, and gave Himself for me. He was wounded for my transgres-

sions. He poured out His soul unto death for me, that I might live for ever. How can I ever thank and bless Him enough. Never—never! I'll begin to do so a little every day now, it will brighten my toilsome hours. And when I get to my bright home in heaven, and have got my golden harp, I shall have more time and understand better how to praise Him. My Comforter. It is very gracious of the Holy Spirit of God to come and dwell in me. I must not "grieve" Him by giving way to sinful thoughts, or angry, or bad words, or wrong deeds. I must not use my body for sin, for His temple should be holy. And all this "for ever." If this God is my God I shall never in this world, or in the world to come—time or in eternity, be without a Father, a Saviour, a Comforter. Is it not enough? I will not be afraid. "This God is our God for ever and ever."

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WHAT a gay morning is that of New Year's Day! Everybody is wishing everybody else a Happy New Year. For one morning our words, at least, are kind and amiable, our wishes as much for our neighbours as ourselves.

And we will join in the kindly greeting, and wish you, dear reader, whether you are high or low, a Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year to you, Working Women of England. You who are busy, but not for yourselves, who are spending, and being spent in the service which is "perfect freedom," who know by experience, how much better it is to give than to receive. May this be a year of great success in your holy calling. May you have strength to speak Jesus' name, whether men will bear, or whether they will forbear. And if spared through 1864, may you see and know by experience, how good a thing it is to serve the best of Masters with a willing heart.

A Happy New Year to you, Ladies, whose purse is a blessing to many a poor and hungry one. You who are the world's benefactresses, who give ungrudgingly, as the Master would have you, of the good He has bestowed upon you. Back into your own happy hearts may the blessings flow, making you living witnesses of Jesus' love for those who follow in His steps.

A Happy New Year to you, busy Workers with the pen, may you be skilful workers, giving us happy thoughts, making life's way more earnest, more pleasant by the inspiration of your words. Write good things, that we may be better for reading them. Learn of the great Master, that ye may be the better instructors.

A Happy New Year to you all, Teachers of the young, may you be blessed in your important employment, and see your charge practising your precepts. God bless you, and reward you in lieu of the human kindness and love which you long for, but cannot always obtain.

A Happy New Year to you, busy Toilers, in the factory and field. God strengthen you for all the arduous duties which lie before, teach you the dignity of labour, and make you honest and noble

by living near to Him. May health and strength be continued, and your spirits cheered by the appreciation of earthly friends, and the rewarding smile of the heavenly Master.

A Happy New Year to you, Mothers, whose little ones press around you, with their childish words of greeting. Forth from your full hearts may deep and humble thankfulness arise, and may God help you in your responsible situation.

A Happy New Year to you, Daughters, a year of joy and love, and peaceful confidence. May you make home happy, and parents thankful, because that the year is a better, as well as a happier one, to you.

A Happy New Year to you all, dear Sisters, and when its well with you, remember and say a good word for your friend, the "BRITISH WORKWOMAN."

RHYMES FOR THE YOUNG.

AFTER the example of the Divine Head, the Christian church, ever since its establishment, has taken the little ones into her arms to bless and nourish them. "Train up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," was an injunction conscientiously enforced by the early teachers; and from the earliest period of Christian antiquity, men of learning and philosophy—taught by the Spirit of the Master—have not considered it beneath them to write little poems of devotion or instruction calculated to please the imaginations and improve the hearts of children. Poems adapted to infant capacity are of inestimable value. Watts excelled in this department of literature; but we have, since that good man laid down the pen to take up the palm, many who have written, and written well for children. In the pretty little volume before us, "Jottings for Juveniles," we have an admirable book of "Simple Verse." The blessedness of doing good is enforced in each and all of the poems, and the pretty illustrations and clear bold type add to the attractions of the "Jottings," as a Christmas gift.

As a fair sample of the talent of the writer, as a great poet—not as a blue stocking—or a Pegasus, with a side saddle—but as an affectionate and attractive rhymist for children, we quote the following:—

* Houlston and Wright.



THE ORPHAN COMFORTED.

Sad and 'till sits little Mary,
On the mossy churchyard wall,
With the dying leaves around her,
Drooping from the elm-tree tall.

Why so sad sits little Mary,
With her gentle cheek so pale?
Ah! the corpse-folds on her bosom
Tell, alas! a mournful tale!

On the new-made grave beneath her
Off she drops the scalding tear!
There in solemn slumber lies lying,
Father kind, and mother dear!

Oh! that mother's loving glance!
Never will she meet them more!
Never bound to greet her father
Hastening home—day's labour o'er.

Effie's coming up the meadow
Boy Effie, robed in white,
Flinging crimson scurf blossoms
At her nurse with wild delight.

When she reaches little Mary,
Why does Effie laugh no more?
Ah! she sees the lonely orphan
Has lost weeping very sore.

Not a word she speaks in passing,
But one often looks behind,
Watching Mary's poor black-tipped
Flapping in the autumn wind.

Effie reaches home in silence,
Thinking of that child forlorn;
And mamma inquires with wonder,
Where the merry smiles are gone?

Then with bursting tears she answers,
"Mary Robin sits to cry,
By the new grave in the churchyard,
Where her poor dead parents lie."

"Oh, mamma! sit little Mary
Sometimes come and play with me;
Help me weed my pretty garden,
Sweep me 'neath the clearest tree.

"Let us read sweet tales together,
Ride about on Dapple-grey,
Gather wild flowers in the orchard,
Listening to the blackbird's lay."

Good mamma with kindness promised,
She should on the morrow come;
And at early morning, Effie
Fetched her to her happy home.

Oh! what sunshine after showers!
How they talked, and read, and played!
And mamma trained gentle Mary
To be Effie's little maid.

To the new grave in the churchyard,
Effie would with Mary go,
Bearing chattering roots of snowdrops,
That would in the spring-time blow.

And when spring's sweet face came smiling,
Truly on that mound were seen,
Full a hundred pure white blossoms,
Trembling 'mid their leaves of green.

And the little girl would watch them,
Sitting on the mossy wall,
With the tender leaves above them,
Shooting from the elm-tree tall.

They would sit and talk together
Of that day with deep delight,
When the dead should rise in beauty,
Like the new-dressed, clothed in white.

And the grateful thanks of Mary,
To the orphan's friend would rise,
Who had dried her tears when weeping
Four years passed into the skies.

The second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," from which our illustration and quotation are taken, will be read with special interest by women. Christian has accomplished his journey, and has found an abundant entrance into the glory of the Lord; but Christiana, his widow, and his orphan children, are still dwelling in the City of Destruction. The removal of her husband cost Christiana many a bitter tear; she remembered her former unkindness towards him when he would set out on a religious course, how she ridiculed and upbraided his piety and would not go with him in the way of peace; and now she is alone, but her thoughts turn heavenly—the God of her departed husband may be her God, and the father of her fatherless children. To Him she looks, and finds in Him a very present help. How often is this story of Christiana repeated? The unbelieving wife refusing to go forward with her believing husband, and, in the end, with the tears of widowhood upon her cheeks, following alone the steps he took. How much happier to go together.



(Specimen of the type used.)

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*



The Cottage in which the Second Part was written.

HEERINGLY the poet whispers to his muse, "Posterity shall know thee;" and it is not only poets who have to look to the future, to generations yet unborn, for a fair impartial criticism. Public men, politicians, preachers, and others, are often misjudged by their contemporaries. Never was man more misjudged than John Bunyan. He was a tinker, and the son of a tinker, originally of gipsy origin, associating with the lowest of the people, in an age of gross popular ignorance, and connected with a sect exclusively exclusive, and which thought but lightly of all human learning. Yet he is the author of a book for all people and for all times; a book more lasting than the story of the wars of Troy. Of Bunyan, how truly it may be said, "Though thou hast laid among the pots, yet shalt thou be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." But for a long, long, season, Bunyan was a bye word. Cowper found it necessary to suppress his name, while passing a high eulogium on his work:—

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail,
I name thee not, lest so despised a name,
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame."

Yet over all obstacles the genius of Bunyan has prevailed; it has risen higher than mountains of ignorance, and walked upon the troubled waters of contumely, till the mountains have become as the plain, and the troubled waters still. And now men look at his book, as it deserves to be looked at and regard his genius as it should be regarded—albeit the man was once a travelling tinker. Several editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—the immortal work of the "Caged Phoenix"—have lately been issued from the press. All, more or less, deserving of substantial favour, are each distinguished by some peculiarity adapting it especially to meet a certain want. The cheap and beautiful edition issued by the "Book Society," is embellished with numerous well-executed illustrations, and printed in, what is of great importance to the young and the old, and to all but practised readers, a very large clear type. We present a specimen both of the engravings and typography, and cordially recommend this very excellent edition of a book that should be found in every home in England.

* "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," published by the "Book Society."

"Gaius also proceeded, and said: 'I will now speak in the behalf of women, to take away their reproach. For as death and the curse came into the world by a woman, so also did life and health.

"I will say again, that when the Saviour was come, women rejoiced in Him, before either man or angel. I read not that ever any man did give unto Christ so much as one groat, but women followed Him, and ministered to Him of their substance. It was a woman that washed His feet with tears, and a woman that anointed His body to the burial. They were women that wept when He was going to the cross, and that sat by His sepulchre when He was buried. They were women that were first with Him at His resurrection-morn; and women that brought tidings first to his disciples that He was risen from the dead. Women, therefore, are highly favoured, and show by these things, that they are sharers with us in the grace of life."

THE FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER

"Would that my spirit witness bore me,
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun."

In one of our narrow, dirty streets, in a miserable attic, lay a young girl of apparently seventeen. Her face bore the traces of great beauty, but her crimson cheek and brilliant eye showed but too plainly that consumption had set its seal upon her, and that her days on earth were numbered.

"I wish it was later," she murmured, glancing towards the open window, through which the rays of a September sun were shining. "It is so hard to lie here alone, suffering so much. I hope Fanny will obtain leave to return home early this evening—I know she means to ask it." The tears rose to the eyes of the poor girl, as she thought of the devoted affection of her only sister, a girl of nineteen, who earned a living at one of the most fashionable dressmakers of the day. The room, although scantily furnished, was neat, and the invalid's bed clean, though coarse. A small stand stood by the bed, on which was a pitcher of water, a glass, and a wine-glass, and on the pillow lay an open Bible. The young girl had earned support as a tailress; but a neglected cold, taken by carrying some work home late one evening, had prostrated her on a bed of sickness, from which she was destined never to rise. Unaiding were the cares bestowed upon her by her sister. She watched with her at night; and many were the humble, earnest prayers of the occupants of this small room to their Heavenly Father, that He would enable them to bear patiently His chastening hand.

But we hasten to a different scene.

A gay carriage drove up to Mrs. Barnett's fashionable establishment, from which a beautiful young girl descended, and entered the shop.

"Mrs. Barnett, I must have a new dress for this evening; I have just bought a charming one, and I intend wearing it to Mr. Green's ball."—"Te, night, Miss Newson!" said Mrs. Barnett. "It is impossible for me to have it ready in time. It is now past one, and I could not promise you a ball-dress on so short a notice."—"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Barnett," said the young lady, petulantly, "I must and will have the dress; and if you will not make it, why I must take my custom elsewhere."—The waitress looked distressed.

"Really, madam, I would do anything to oblige;—but surely you have some other dress equally suited to the occasion; I sent you home three, only ten days since."—"I have worn them all," interrupted the beauty impatiently. "Let your young folks leave off all their other work, and commence upon my dress, and I will pay anything extra that you may charge,—only do not disappoint me. Send the dress here in an express-coach, and that I may receive my alteration made at the last moment; if you refuse," So saying, Miss Newson entered her carriage, and drove to a neighbouring jeweller's, to select some new ornaments for the occasion.

Mrs. Barnett took the gauze left in her hand, and selecting a satin corresponding in hue, and trimmings to match, went into the back room. Some twenty young girls were busily plying their needles. The room was close and warm, and the young ladies looked laden and worn with their labours. From nine to eight, with a short interval of half-an-hour for dinner, were the regular hours required for their attendance at the shop; but when there was a press of work, they were often obliged to remain and work extra hours, and ten, eleven, and even twelve o'clock often arrived before they were released from their health-consuming toil. The table and chairs of the room were littered with shreds of delicate gowns, rich silks, and satins. Can we wonder when we hear the oft-told tale of the seduction and ruin of one of this delicate class of girls, surrounded by temptation, their hands employed upon material which would so well set off the beauty of the worker, and the voice of the tempter ever at hand to lure the lure! And if remaining true to themselves, stinted in their food, poorly paid, they work from Monday morning till Saturday night, week in and week out, until premature decay, but too often closes their career. Such is the not exaggerated history of too many of these poor girls. Had one of the ladies, whose gay costume has cost so many hours of harassing toil, to bear but one hour of the suffering so inflicted, she would hesitate ere she ordered a new dress on short notice. But to our tale.

"Here is a new dress," said Mrs. Barnett, addressing her forewoman, "and it must be finished before nine o'clock to-night. Take half-a-dozen of the girls,

and see that it is done in time."—"They will have to remain extra time, madam, in order to do so," said the forewoman. "Well, let them stay then; I cannot think of losing one of my best customers. Let me only grumble," she said, on leaving the room, "let me know; I do not want grumblers to work for me—they may seek employment elsewhere." A young girl, seated near the forewoman, cast a deprecating glance towards her. "I cannot help it, Fanny," was the reply to the mute appeal; "I would like you to know that I am not only to your poor sister Ellen, who I know needs you so much—but what can I say? You are one of our quickest workwomen, and to finish this dress, with all its trimmings, will require all the exertion our best workers can bestow." The tears rose in Fanny's eyes, and a sensation of choking came in her throat. But it was all in vain; and making a violent effort to subdue her agitation, Fanny commenced, with trembling fingers and aching heart, the task allotted to her. Her needle flew, as she thought that by perhaps straining every effort, she might save her sister; and her companions, who felt much for her, used their utmost efforts to assist her.

Wearily and painfully passed the hours with poor Ellen. The water in the pitcher grew so warm that she could not drink it, and her hand trembled so that she could not drop her medicine. She grew hourly more feverish, and oh! how she longed for some of the tempting peaches she knew were exposed at the shop-window of the very building in which she lay. She turned restlessly from side to side. "Will the sun never set?" she said, looking towards the window, where flowers and fruits grew in profusion. At last, wearied out, the sufferer slept. She dreamed that she wandered in a beautiful garden, in which the perfume of the flowers and the fragrance of the fruits, and a thrill of ecstasy shot through her frame. She walked on erect and strong, and the sorrows of her lot were forgotten. The birds were pouring forth their song, and all nature rejoiced. She woke with a sudden start. The sun had gone down. She must have slept for some hours. She felt very weak and languid, but she knew, from the gray speckle on the room, that the hour for Fanny's return was near at hand. She waited anxiously, but a sensation of sinking gradually stole over her, and clanny dew stood on her brow: she was too feeble to wipe it off, and an icy chill crept over her. "Oh, my God, is it even so? Am I to die alone,—all alone. Fanny, dearest Fanny, why do you not come to me?" she murmured, wildly. A slight spasm convulsed her features, and when the moon rose and shed its beams on the couch, its pale light fell on the features of a corpse. The trials and sufferings of the young tailress were at an end.

"There, Fanny, the dress is now done, and Mrs. Barnett says that you must carry it home."

"Oh, dear Miss Jones, pray let some one else go. Indeed, indeed, I must go now to poor Ellen. She has been expecting me these three hours, and she is so ill."

"I told Mrs. Barnett so, Fanny, but she said you alone were expert enough to alter the dress if required; so you must go."

Looks of indignation were exchanged among the girls as poor Fanny meekly put on her hat and shawl, and with tears fast running down her face, took the box which in her hand. It was now a quarter of nine, and the lady's residence was full three miles from the shop. Wearied and agitated, Fanny moved through the gaily lighted streets; and as the dashing equipage would arrest her steps in crossing a street, the thought would occur,—"*Do the rich know what we suffer.*" She arrived at Mrs. Newson's, and was immediately shown up to the young lady's room.

"Oh! I am glad you have come at last," said the lady. "How came you to be so late? But never mind; take out my dress." Fanny ready to drop from her long walk, obeyed at once, and the beautiful dress was displayed. "Oh, how elegant!" exclaimed Rose. The dress was tried on. Rose surveyed herself in silence for a few minutes, and then exclaimed:

"Why does Mrs. Barnett always make my dresses so tight in the neck? I am not an old woman yet, that I want to be covered up to my throat. Here, Nancy," turning to her maid, "you and this girl must alter this. It is very provoking. Now I shall be detained at least half-an-hour. How could you be so stupid?" she said, addressing the trembling Fanny.

The dress was taken off, and Fanny and the maid proceeded to alter it. The delicate trimmings were ripped off, and an hour and a half afterwards the dress was finished, the young lady grumbling and scolding

all the time. At last she was dressed; and, as Fanny closed the street door, the church clock struck ten. Her home was two miles distant, and dark clouds obscured the sky. She hurried on,—large drops of rain fell, and soon a heavy rain soaked her thin garments. But she felt it not, so anxious was she about her sister. At last she arrived home, and paused at the shop to buy Ellen some of the fruit she had so longed for. She placed her hand on the balustrade to ascend the long staircase, but stopped and rested her head on her hand. An indefinite sensation of dread stole over her. She wiped the perspiration from her brow. "It must be that I am so tired," she said, "I do not know what ails me. I am afraid to go up." She waited another moment, and then slowly crept up stairs. Her hand rested on the door-handle, but again the chill of fear made her shiver. She opened the door, cast a hasty glance at the couch, and then, with one wild scream, sprang forward and fell insensible beside the bed.

"Have you any rooms to let, madam?" asked a good-looking young man of the landlady of the house in which the sister lived. "I want a room, and was told you had one to let."

"What kind of room do you wish for? I have several apartments to let, at different rates."

"Well, let me see them all."

"Come this way, sir, if you please."

They went from room to room, until they had ascended to the attic. "There is one," said the landlady, "that for the present is occupied, but I think it will soon be vacant. Two sisters live there, and one of them, I take it, is not long for this world. Her sister, poor thing, takes the whole charge of her. They have not paid up their last month's rent, but I don't think it trouble them. They appear to be honest industrious girls, but they must pay up. By-the-by, I have not seen either of them this morning. Let us knock and see what the matter is."

She knocked, but no answer was returned. Again she rapped, but no sound issued from the room. "I am afraid there is no more trouble here," said she, looking at the young man. "Let us go in."

They opened the door. Evidently, from her knees by the bed, her face covered with her long hair, and one of her sister's hands pressed to her lips. She moved not, nor spoke, but moaned heavily.

The landlady raised her. "What can I do?" said the young man, anxiously.

"Run across the street and bring the doctor here," said the landlady.

The young man disappeared, and returned quickly with the doctor, who brought a bottle of ammonia in his hand. He dropped some of it in water, and forced Fanny to swallow it; and then rubbing her temples with some more of the same preparation, the poor girl was gradually roused. She looked wildly at them for a moment, and then glanced towards the bed. She broke away from the landlady. "Oh, Ellen, my dear, dear sister!" she exclaimed, throwing herself on the bed; "speak to me, Ellen; speak to your poor, broken-hearted Fanny. She will never speak again," said she, suddenly raising herself from the bed. "And I!—where was I when you were dying, poor suffering one? Finishing that dress for that thoughtless girl; and you, no doubt, calling for me. Oh, why did I mind them? What did it matter if I should offend them all? But I was a coward, and now I am punished!" she added bitterly, and once again she dropped her head on the bed and sobbed convulsively.

All were affected by her distress. The doctor and the landlady were accustomed to scenes of distress; but the young man who had just arrived from the country, was almost as much agitated as Fanny herself.

"Has she no relatives or friends?" he inquired anxiously of the landlady.

"The woman shook her head. "They are orphan girls, and have not long lived in this city. I have never known them to have any company on Sunday or other holidays, and they never went anywhere except to church."

"Poor thing!" said the young man, compassionately. He paused for a moment, and then said: "I'll go to my good cousin Bruce, and ask him to take them close by. She is a right good soul, and will do all she can for this unhappy creature."

He left the room, and when he returned with his cousin, found Fanny alone. Mrs. Brown went up to the poor girl, and taking one of her hands, said, "Be comforted, my dear child. Your sister has, I trust, gone to a better world. Her sorrows are over, and she is an angel rejoicing now while we are weeping for her."

Fanny raised her eyes, and seeing the sympathetic tears that rolled down the good woman's cheeks, threw herself into her arms, and buried her face in her bosom.

"There! sob away, my poor child. It will relieve your broken heart," said Mrs. Brown.

Fanny raised her head after a few minutes, and wiped her eyes. "You are very good to me, ma'am," she said.

"Never mind my being good, my dear, but just tell us, my cousin John Gray here and myself, what can we do for you."

Fanny tried to speak, but her quivering lips uttered no sound.

"Well, sit down, my dear; I see your head is too distracted to tell what you do want."

She went to the door, and held a whispered conversation with John, who then disappeared. She then put the room in order, and performed the last sad rites for poor Ellen. When all was done, observing that the glaring sun struck full on Fanny's aching eyes, she took off her dark apron, and hung it up before the window. Fanny silently took her seat by the bed. Mrs. Brown left the room, and returned after a short interval with a nice cup of hot tea and toast. "There, my dear, try and take a little of this," she said. Poor Fanny tried to obey her, but she could not swallow. The kind woman placed it beside her, and said: "Well, perhaps you will taste this by-and-by. So now, good bye, my child; I must go home, for I have a family to attend to. I will see you again to-night."

A coffin was procured the next day; and poor Ellen was consigned to the grave. The good woman now urged Fanny to return home with her, but the broken-hearted girl clung to the room in which her sister had breathed her last.

Five years have rolled away, and once again behold our friend Fanny. She is seated in a rocking-chair, in a small, but neat and comfortable room. A beautiful infant is crowing and laughing in its cradle, the tea-table is set, and the tea-kettle gives forth its cheerful hum. Fanny is knitting, but now and then glances towards the window.

"I wonder what makes your father so late," she said, addressing the infant. The boy tossed its little chubby arms, as if in answer to her question. She bent over and kissed him. At that moment, the front door opened, and our carpenter, John Gray, walked into the room. He caught the child from its cradle, and with fatherly affection, caressed his little darling, while with beaming eyes turned upon Fanny, in a loud and loving tone, he exclaimed, "I am the happiest husband in the world! Thanks be to the Lord!"

Dear reader, be assured there is a blessing for those who nobly, patiently, and hopefully endure heavy trial. There is the promise so full of consolation, "I will never leave thee, I will ever forsake thee," there is the comforting assurance that in all our affliction, He is afflicted; and there is the precept, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, and He shall exalt you in due time, casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Weary toiler, you are struggling with poverty, and striving hard with weary finger-work to win bread for hungry little ones to procure nourishment and medical aid for some one very dear to you, whose departure, it may be, is nigh at hand. You find it hard to omit duties you would cheerfully perform; hard, very hard, to be obliged to leave the side of the one you love so well; to have ever present to your mind the loneliness of the chamber to long with your earnest yearning, to be there; to be obliged to let that dear one die; hard! God knows it is hard! But "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are they that weep now, for they shall laugh."

Give to the winds thy fears;

Hope and be undisturbed;

God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,

God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms

He gently clears thy way;

Wait then His time—thy darkest night

Shall end in brightest day.

TYPES OR ENBLEMS.—All the virtues are represented by females, as being more pleasing, pure, and attractive, by their perfection and grace; and, like women, the virtues are the guardian angels of the world. But not only the virtues, but the graces and the muses, philosophy and religion, are all typified under the lovely forms of women.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.—No. 3.

ADDRESSED TO

FEMALE DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

THE MAID OF ALL WORK.

SERVANTS in this capacity have need of a large share of patience and self-denial, and their best comfort, and surest strength, is found in Him who "Took upon Him the form of a servant," though He was "Lord of all."

They are compelled to lead a very secluded life; their work is multifarious and laborious, there is not always that consideration on the part of the employer which there should be, and the best are often disheartened, and the worst confirmed in bad habits. Now, what should he do to make the best of this position in life, to which it has pleased God to call so many?

LET OBEDIENCE BE RECOGNIZED AS YOUR FIRST DUTY; not the obedience which is ever active in the employer's sight, and careless when unobserved, but such as will render the discharge of every obligation a duty to be rendered to God.

BE COURTEOUS; there are those who never reply in a manner directly insolent, but who are always ready who protest by the shaking of curtains, the rattling of brooms and brushes, the occasional banging of a door, against the instructions they receive. Be civil in manner as well as in word.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER; you must often do this to keep your place, but do so for a higher purpose. To be bad tempered is to be weak, it can do no good, often does much harm, it lightens no labour, affords no consolation to yourself, and is the source of annoyance and trouble to others.

STRIVE TO EXCEL IN EVERYTHING YOU UNDERTAKE. To brush the kitchen range, to light the fire, to clean the hearth, to sweep the hall, to brush the carpets: all these things are very commonplace, but there are three ways of doing them, *bad*, *BETTER*, and *BEST*. Let the last be your effort in everything; whatever you do, do well.

BE METHODOICAL; this is often difficult, and in some families impossible, but in most it is very practicable, as if the servant set steadily about it. On rising in the morning your first duty is to see to the kitchen, and to the preparation for breakfast; the next to arrange the parlour for the family breakfast; after breakfast, or while the family are taking theirs, the sleeping rooms must be attended to; then come the preparation for dinner, the cooking, the laying the cloth and serving, the clearing up after the dinner is over; then you must be dressed to take in tea, and so on, till bedtime. Enough work, you will say, for more than a pair of hands; so it may be, but disorder and irregularity make it none the easier. Method carries us through twice the amount of work which muddle is able to compass.

BE ECONOMICAL. "You have no rent, no rates to pay, you need buy neither coals, nor candles, nor food, nor (clothing excepted) any of those endless commodities which daily tax the householder; and though your income is small, you yourself are rich, for you might easily save the half of it." Let us urge upon you frugality and self-denial; better a few shillings in the bank than a few bright ribbons in the box; "take care of the pence," say the proverb, "and the pounds will take care of themselves."

BE RELIGIOUS. Read what God has said to servants, Colossians iii. 22—25; Ephesians vi. 5—8; Titus ii. 3—14; 1 Peter ii. 18—25. Remember that God is no respecter of persons, and the question in the great day will be, not what were you, but what use did you make of the talent which God entrusted to your care.

DISOBEDIENCE.—It is the obedient child, only, that receives the true and right direction, which leads to peace, usefulness, and honour. The others are liable soon to be cut off; or they live to be full of trouble, and to prove the truth of these sayings in Scripture: "The meek shall inherit the earth," "Such as are for death, to death," and "Such as are for the sword, to the sword." Obedience and truth are the chief

and all-important requisites, and constitute the fundamental parts of a system of parental authority.

GOOD BOOKS.

TRUTHS FOR THE DAY OF LIFE AND THE HOUR OF DEATH.*

In his preface the pious author of this volume writes, "Each of us is now spending his little 'Day of Life'; and whatever necessity there may be about other things, there can be none as to the fact, that the 'Hour of Death' awaits us all." This is a sentence replete with truth. Hence it has been his object to write a volume of truths "adapted to make life blessed and death happy." Could any author propose to write a volume of greater importance? All was to be happy in life and death. That is the one universal desire. The worldly-minded, the ambitious, the man of pleasure, and the man whose thoughts are wholly bent on obtaining riches; all desire to be happy both in life and death. But they never can be happy, and not want truths to feed upon to make them happy, and not the books which the world holds out for mortal happiness. Now this is just what the volume before us affords. Here are truths which are well calculated to make men happy; truths from which the immortal soul may derive happiness in time, and for eternity. Every page of the volume bears on it the stamp of truth, for every page is drawn from the great volume of eternal truth. It is a most excellent volume, one which should be placed in every Christian library, one which should be pondered over by all classes of Christians, by its author has done good service to the world by its production, and we have no doubt it will add to the great reputation he has already obtained by his valuable series of pious volumes.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

"Health," it has been said, "constitutes the happiness of the body, knowledge and virtue that of the mind." The cultivation of the intellect, and the development of the moral qualities we sometimes neglect, even scorn, the body. We are wrong in this, as the body, the servant—the slave of the mind—may rise in rebellion on too hard a taskmaster, and assert priority. Health and happiness are doubtless closely associated, and the "Hints" on this subject, by A. W. Sanderson are exceedingly valuable. With regard to the health of the body, Mr. Sanderson notices in the first place, cleanliness, ventilation, and good sanitary regulation. One of the best movements that could be made, he says, towards improving the physical condition of the poorer classes, would be to provide them with better dwelling-houses. Good, wholesome, and nutritious food, is also essential to health, and temper, described by an old writer as "reason's girdle" is intimately bound up with personal and political wisdom. The cultivation of the mind is also of great importance. It is necessary to give the people a good, sound education, based upon moral and religious principles. Amusements and recreations should also be of an elevating tendency. But home, after all, is the real centre of influence, and hence is the empire of woman. In connection with this, on the question of temperance, Mr. Sanderson observes: "Female influence, rightly exerted, would greatly advance the cause of temperance, and elevate the standard of public morality. Whatever defect there may be in the constitution of our social or political economy, if we can but gain the universal influence of woman to aid us in our endeavours, we may obtain any reform we require to render us a happy and prosperous people. But if woman's influence were thrown into the wrong channel, or were counter to that which is holy and pure, there would be no end to the calamities that would befall us. If the cottage homes of England were each presided over by a woman, whose virtues were distinguished and prominent, and whose influence we ever found to be good, and whose example, good, we should, as a people, be blessed among the nations, and each succeeding generation would witness an improvement on its predecessor; generation after generation would rise up to call women blessed, and wisdom and piety would be the common characteristics of the race. Unfortunately, women are not all good, and too often the influence of the women belonging to the poorer and labouring classes especially, is not of an elevating tendency; and unless there is a great change for the better, we can no longer gain from it very promising for the moral or mental training of the rising generation."

TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS.

AMONG the numerous tracts and pamphlets lately issued, and very reasonable in their issue, we have "Living to a Purpose." A new year's address, pointed, plain, powerful. "First Fruits," a new year's address, to Sabbath Scholars, admirably suited for the young; and "Sarah Martin, a woman example," "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." We may also notice two little books addressed to mothers, "The Young Mother," and "The Mother's Mission," both will repay a perusal, and which we think will help mothers in the discharge of their responsible duties.

* By the Rev. "God is Love," "Our Heavenly Home," "Grace and Glory," &c. Virtue, Brothers, and Co., 11, Amen Corner.
† Delivered as a Lecture from Bro.ley-Bro. Hutton, High-st., Poplar.
‡ Cawthra, Birmingham. § Hartog, Glasgow.

